

And certes, yow ne haten shal I never,
And freendes love, that shal ye han of me,
And my good word, at mighte I liven ever.
And, trewely, I wolde sory be
for to seen yow in any adversitee.
And gilteles, I woot wel, I yow leve;
But al shal passe; and thus take I my leve.

But trewely, how longe it was bitwene,
That she forsook him for this Diomedes,
Ther is non auctor telleth it, I wene.
Take every man now to his bokes hede;
He shal no terme finden, out of drede.
for though that he bigan to wowe hir sone,
Er he hir wan, yet was ther more to done.

Ne me ne list this sely womman chydre
ferther than the story wol devyse.
Hir name, alas! is publisshed so wyde,
That for hir gilt it oughte ynow suffyse.
And if I mighte excuse hir any wyse,
for she so sory was for hir untrouthe,
Ywis, I wolde excuse hir yet for routhe.

This Troilus, as I bifore have told,
Thus dryveth forth, as wel as he hath might.
But often was his herte hoot and cold,
And namely, that ilke nyght the night,
Which on the morwe she hadde him byhight
To come ayein: God wot, ful litel reste
Hadde he that night; nothing to slepe him leste.

The laurer-crowned Phebus, with his hete,
Gan, in his course ay upward as he wente,
To warnen of the est see the waves wete;
And Nisus doughter song with fresh entente,
Whan Troilus his Pandare after sente;
And on the walles of the toun they pleyde,
To loke if they can seen ought of Criseyde.

Til it was noon, they stoden for to see
Who that ther come; and every maner wight,
That cam fro fer, they seyden it was she,
Til that they coude knowen him aright.
Now was his herte dul, now was it light;
And thus byjaped stonden for to stare
Aboute nought, this Troilus and Pandare.

To Pandarus this Troilus tho seyde:
for ought I wot, bifore noon, sikerly,
Into this toun ne comth nought here Criseyde.
She hath ynow to done, hardily,
To winnen from hir fader, so trowe I;
Hir olde fader wol yet make hir dyne
Er that she go; God yewe his herte pyne!

Pandare answerde: It may wel be, certeyn;
And forthy lat us dyne, I thee biseche;
And after noon than mayst thou come ayein.
And hoom they go, withoute more speche;
And comen ayein, but longe may they seche
Er that they finde that they after cape;
fortune hem bothe thenketh for to jape.

Quod Troilus: I see wel now, that she
Is taried with hir olde fader so,
That er she come, it wol neigh even be.
Com forth, I wol unto the yate go.
Thise portours been unkonninge evermo;
And I wol doon hem holden up the yate
As nought ne were, although she come late.

The day goth faste, and after that comth eve,
And yet com nought to Troilus Criseyde.
He loketh forth by hegge, by tree, by greve,
And fer his heed over the wal he leyde.
And at the laste he torned him, and seyde:
By God, I woot hir mening now, Pandare!
Almost, ywis, al newe was my care.

Now douteles, this lady can hir good;
I woot, she meneth ryden prively.
I comende hir wysdom, by myn hood!
She wol not maken peple nyce.
Gaure on hir, whan she comth; but softly
By nyghte into the toun she thenketh ryde.
And, dere brother, thenk not longe to abyde.

We han nought elles for to don, ywis,
And Pandarus, now woltow trowen me?
Have here my trouthe, I see hir! yond she is,
Heve up thyn eyen, man! maystow not see?
Pandare answerde: Nay, so mote I thee!
Al wrong, by God; what seystow, man, wher art?
That I see yond nis but a farecart.

Alas, thou seist right sooth, quod Troilus;
But hardely, it is not al for nought
That in myn herte I now rejoyse thus.
It is ayein som good I have a thought.
Noot I not how, but sin that I was wrought,
Ne felte I swich a confort, dar I seye;
She comth tonight, my lyf, that dorste I leve!

Pandare answerde: It may be wel, ynough;
And held with him of al that ever he seyde;
But in his herte he thoughte, and softe lough,
And to himself ful sobroly he seyde:
from haselwode, ther joly Robin pleyde,
Shal come al that that thou abydest here;
Ye, farewell al the snow of ferne yere!

The wardein of the yates gan to calle
The folk which that withoute the yates were,
And bad hem dryven in hir bestes alle,
Or al the night they moste bleyen there.
And fer within the night, with many a tere,
This Troilus can hoomward for to ryde,
for wel he seeth it helpeth nought tabyde.

But natheles, he gladded him in this;
He thoughte he misaccounted hadde his day,
And seyde: I understonde have al amis.
for thilke night I last Criseyde say,
She seyde: I shal ben here, if that I may,
Er that the mone, O dere herte swete!
The Lyon passe, out of this Ariete.

for which she may yet holde al hir biheste.
And on the morwe unto the yate he wente,
And up and down, by west and eek by este,
Upon the walles made he many a wente.
But al for nought; his hope alway him blente;
for which at night, in sorwe and sykkes sore
he wente him hoom, withouten any more.

This hope al clene out of his herte fledde,
he nath wheron now lenger for to honge;
But for the peyne him thoughte his herte bledde,
so were his throwes sharpe and wonder stronge,
for when he saugh that she abood so longe,
he miste what he juggen of it mighte,
sin she hath broken that she him bihighte.

The thridde, ferthe, fifte, sixte day
After tho dayes ten, of which I tolde,
Bitwixen hope and drede his herte lay,
Yet somewhat trustinge on hir bestes olde.
But whan he saugh she nolde hir terme holde,
he can now seen non other remedye,
But for to shape him sone for to dye.

Therwith the wikked spirit, God us blesse,
Which that men clepeth wode jalouseye,
Gan in him crepe, in al this hevinesse;
for which, bycause he wolde sone dye,
he ne eet ne dronk, for his malencolye,
And eek from every companye he fledde;
This was the lyf that al the tyme he ledde.

he so defet was, that no maner man
Unnethe mighte him knowe ther he wente;
So was he lene, and therto pale and wan,
And feble, that he walketh by potente;
And with his ire he thus himselfen shente.
And whoso axed him wherof him smerte,
he seyde, his harm was al aboute his herte.

Dryam ful ofte, and eek his moder dere,
his bretheren and his sustren gonne him freyne
Why he so sorwful was in al his chere,
And what thing was the cause of al his peyne?
But al for nought; he nolde his cause pleyne,
But seyde, he felte a grevous maladye
Aboute his herte, and fayn he wolde dye.

So on a day he leyde him down to slepe,
And so bifel that in his sleep him thoughte,
That in a forest faste he welk to wepe
for love of hir that him thise peynes wroughte;
And up and down as he the forest soughte,
he mette he saugh a boor with tuskes grete,
That sleep ayein the bryghte sonnes hete.

And by this boor, faste in his armes folde,
Lay kissing ay his lady bright Criseyde;
for sorwe of which, whan he it gan biholde,
And for despyt, out of his slepe he breyde,
And loude he cryde on Pandarus, and seyde:
O Pandarus, now knowe I crop and rote!
I nam but deed, ther nis non other bote!

My lady bright Criseyde hath me bitrayed,
In whom I trusted most of any wight,
She elleswhere hath now hir herte apayed;
The blisful goddes, through hir grete might,
han in my dreem yshewed it ful right.
Thus in my dreem Criseyde I have biholde.
And at this thing to Pandarus he tolde.

O my Criseyde, alas! what subtiltee,
What newe lust, what beautee, what science,
What wratthe of juste cause have ye to me?
What gilt of me, what fel experience
hath fro me raft, alas! thyn advertence?
O trust, O feyth, O depe asseuraunce,
Who hath me reft Criseyde, al my plesaunce?

Alas! why leet I you from hennes go,
for which wel neigh out of my wit I breyde?
Who shal now trowe on any othes mo?
God wot I wende, O lady bright, Criseyde,
That every word was gospel that ye seyde!
But who may bet bigylen, if him liste,
Than he on whom men weneth best to triste?

What shal I doon, my Pandarus, alas!
I fele now so sharpe a newe peyne,
Sin that ther is no remedie in this cas,
That bet were it I with myn bondes tweyne
Myselfen slow, than alway thus to pleyne.
for through my deeth my wo sholde han an ende,
Ther every day with lyf myself I shende.

Pandare answerde and seyde: Allas the whyle
That I was born; have I not seyde er this,
That dremes many a maner man bigyle?
And why? for folk expounden hem amis.
How darstow seyn that fals thy lady is,
for any dreem, right for thyn owene drede?
Lat be this thought, thou canst no dremes rede.

Paraunter, ther thou dremest of this boor,
It may so be that it may signifye
Hir fader, which that old is and eek hoor,
Ayein the sonne lyth, on poynt to dye,
And she for sorwe ginneth wepe and crye,
And kisseth him, ther he lyth on the grounde;
Thus shuldestow thy dreem aright expounde.

How mighte I thanne do? quod Troilus,
To knowe of this, ye, were it never so lyte?
Now seystow wysly, quod this Pandarus,
My reed is this, sin thou canst wel endyte,
That hastely a lettre thou hir wryte,
Thorugh which thou shalt wel bringen it aboute,
To knowe a sooth of that thou art in doute.

And see now why; for this I dar wel seyn,
That if so is that she untrewed be,
I can not trowe that she wol wryte ayein.
And if she wryte, thou shalt ful sone see,
As whether she hath any libertee
To come ayein, or elles in som clause,
If she be let, she wol assigne a cause.